

**Mr. Jerry Buster in Court.**

The following report of a trial in a North Carolina court is condensed from a somewhat lengthy account published in local papers:

In the mountain region of the State a man named John Foster was recently tried for assault and battery upon the person of William Truitt. The first witness was a one-eyed, rough-bearded man. He was lame. He lost his missing eye in a fight. This was his first appearance in a court-house, although he looked to be some sixty years of age. There seems to have been an irreverent admixture of the sacred and profane in the make-up of his name, which was Jeremiah Buster. As he stood amid the crowd a close observer might soon have discovered that the whole scene was new to him. When the prosecuting attorney called him to the witness-stand he limped around the railing of the bar and took his seat on the stand. He gazed around him with a bewildered air, yet there was that in his demeanor which showed that he had not parted altogether with the self-assertion and independence characteristic of the dwellers in the mountains. He took in as much of the situation, perhaps, as a one-eyed man could be reasonably expected to do on his first appearance on the scene.

**Prosecuting Attorney**—"What is your name?"

**Witness** (ejecting a stream of tobacco-juice on the floor)—"Jeremiah Buster, 'Squire. They generally call me Jerry, for short."

**Prosecuting Attorney**—"Well, Mr. Buster—"

**Witness**—"Now, 'Squire, don't call me Mr. Buster, if you please. I'm seldom called that, and—"

**The Court**—"Mr. Witness—"

**Witness**—"Now Judge, jes' call me Jerry, if you please. I ain't used to bein' called mister, and it sorter sounds strange like. Jes' call—"

The District Attorney here arose and said that he felt satisfied the witness did not mean to commit a contempt of court, but spoke thoughtlessly and from force of habit. He hoped the Court would not send witness to jail, at least at that time, as he was the only person by whom the State could prove the offense charged against the defendant in the indictment, and the trial would, therefore, be suspended. The Court replied: "If the witness knew no better, it was time he was learning, and he could not be broken too soon of a bad habit, if it had obtained such control over him as to cause him to violate all propriety."

**District Attorney**—"That is all true, your Honor, but if the witness is sent to jail now I shall be compelled to enter a nolle prosequi in the case and the trial must be suspended, as this is my only witness."

After some further difficulty in bringing the witness to the point, the examination proceeded.

**District Attorney**—"Jerry, were you present in August last at Johnson's tanyard when a difficulty occurred between the prisoner at the bar, John Foster, and William Truitt? If so, tell about it in your own way."

**Witness**—"Well, 'Squire, one night thar was a terrible storm passed thro' our nake of the woods and blowed down a big poplar in the corner of the horse lot and killed my speckled cat—"

**District Attorney**—"Never mind about the cat."

**Witness**—"Well, 'Squire, I'll tell you. Ef that storm hadn't ter blowed down the tree on the cat and killed it, I wouldn't er skinned the cat, and ef I hadn't er skinned the cat I wouldn't er tuck it's hide to the tan-yard, and ef I hadn't er tuck the hide to the tan-yard I wouldn't er bin thar—now would I?"

**District Attorney**—"Well, I suppose not. Go on."

**Witness**—"And ef I hadn't er bin thar I couldn't er seed nothin' to tell—now could I? You see, 'Squire, you didn't know what that I was a-comin' at—now did yer?"

**District Attorney**—"Well, go on."

**Witness**—"Well, arter I skinned the cat I ketch my old mare and carried the hide over to the tan-yard. When I got there I seed Jack Foster a-sittin' down by the rut of a tree and Bill Truitt were a-talkin' to him."

**District Attorney**—"Well, what did Truitt say to defendant Foster?"

**Witness**—"Well, 'Squire, you see when I rid up on my old mare, I seed Bill a-talkin', but I couldn't hear a word he said, fur I was a hundred yards off when I fust see 'em."

**District Attorney**—"Well, didn't you get near enough to hear anything that was said?"

**Witness**—"O yes, 'Squire."

**District Attorney**—"Well, after you got near enough to hear, what was said?"

**Witness**—"Well, Bill sed to Jack thar (pointing to the defendant) 'I want you to pay me the dollar you owe me.'"

**District Attorney**—"Well, was that all that was said?"

**Witness**—"O no, 'Squire, that warn't all."

**District Attorney** (impatiently)—"Well, please go on; tell all that was said."

**Witness**—"Well, 'Squire, it 'peared like Jack didn't pay the money, and Bill sed that Jack was not an honest man, and Jack ris up from the rut uv the tree and breshed the dust often the seat uv his britches."

**District Attorney**—"What did Jack, as you call him, say?"

**Witness**—"Never said a der—never said nuthin' at all."

**District Attorney**—"Well, tell us about the fight between them."

**Witness**—"Thar warn't no fite atween 'em that I seed."

**District Attorney**—"Do you mean to say that there was no fight between Truitt and Foster at the tan-yard that day in your presence?"

**Witness**—"I do for a fac, 'Squire; nary fite that I seed."

**District Attorney**—"And have you told all you saw and heard on that occasion?"

**Witness**—"I think near about all, 'Squire."

**District Attorney** (disgustedly)—"Stand aside, sir."

**Counsel for Defense**—"Wait a moment, Jerry. I would like to ask you a question or two. You say defendant Foster here didn't say a word when Truitt told him he was not an honest man?"

**Witness**—"Never whimpered, 'Squire, leastways not that I hearn."

**Counsel for Defense**—"And never struck or offered to strike Truitt?"

**Witness**—"No, 'Squire, I didn't say that adzactly. I sed thar warn't no fight atween 'em that I seed."

**Counsel for Defense**—"Well, Foster didn't strike him, did he?"

**Witness**—"Well, you may bet your bottom dollar, 'Squire, he did. After he breshed the dust often the seat uv his britches, he hauled back with his fist and knocked Bill Truitt as cold as a wedge, and nearly mauled the life outen him. I believe in my soul he would have killed him ef it hadn't er been fur me pullin' uv him often him. Jack's as true grit as ever cracked corn, and his daddy was afore him."

**District Attorney** (his face beaming with smiles)—"Well, what happened after you pulled the defendant off Truitt?"

**Witness**—"Well, Jack told him ef he didn't cl'ar outen them diggins and ef ever he sot eyes on him again he'd brake every bone in his dog-skin, and Bill struck a dog trot, and I reckon he's runnin' till yit, fur I've never sot eyes on him sence."—*The Continent.*

**Why Not?**

The secret of true living is to get the most out of the present hour. That man has the future already in his hand who knows how to value the present; achievement, reward, recognition by the world, are only a matter of time with him. He has caught the tides of power, and although they move invisibly they will bear him to success as certainly as the force of gravitation swings the planets along their appointed spheres. There is no chance about it, no luck or fortune; it is simply the law of human life. And happiness depends upon the recognition of this fact not less than success. Thousands of people are always expecting to enjoy themselves at some future day; they look upon joyful times in their lives as oases in a desert, little islands of calm and beauty in a monotonous ocean of storm and struggle. If we look for joy in this fashion it will come to us in no other way; it will be distant, alluring and always fading into mirage as we approach it. The trials which we expect by and by to be free from are not wholly removed, the burdens we thought to lay down are not taken from us, the sense of insecurity and danger we hoped to lose in enlarged prosperity and a stronger grasp of the rewards of work still keeps companionship with us. When the moment of success, to which we had looked forward, comes, we taste a certain joy, but it is incomplete, girt round with possibilities of disaster, limited by responsibilities and duties which refuse to liberate us.

There is a deeper philosophy of joy than such a seeking for it ever discerns. Joy is not an isolated thing, it flows through the common hours of a wise life; it is not an oasis blossoming on the edge of a desert, it is a perennial stream carrying fertility and beauty into the barren places. They only are truly happy who find happiness in the present hour and demand of to-day what those who are less wise demand only of the distant future. Forget that there is any future, lay hold of to-day as if it were all you ever expected to possess, either for work or joy, and it will suddenly become rich in your hands. Accept your trials, bear your burdens, as things which are to be your daily companions, and then transform them from enemies into friends. Study how to draw strength out of them, to be strong in them; to look over them, to work under them; then make the most of every source of happiness as if you never expected a freer day. Do not delay your walk until you feel less heavy hearted; go now, open your mind and you will find your burden less hard to bear; think more of the needs of others because you are so anxious about your own; read the book now that you are tempted to put away for a less wearisome time; look at the pictures now that you would like to study with a more composed mind; hold on to the habits of self-culture that you are tempted to give up until a more favorable season. In a word, make this present hour, with all its limitations and difficulties, yield the joy you were deferring to the future and you will make every coming hour richer in the possibilities and the certainty of happiness.—*Christian Union.*

A party of street laborers in San Francisco disconnected the water pipe through which the engines of a public school were supplied. The engineer noticed that the water in the boilers was getting low and attempted to let in more. Not a drop flowed. His hair stood on end when he realized that in a few minutes there would be an explosion which would shatter the building and probably kill half of the great number of scholars up stairs. Wild with fright he dispatched the janitor to see that the connections were made again, but he himself stayed at his post to be the first one to perish in case of accident. A deep drawn sigh of relief escaped him when he heard the water flowing and knew that all danger was past. A fearful disaster was barely averted.

A New Hampshire man says that he drove forty miles the other day in his State without meeting a team.

**Wonderful Mesmeric Powers.**

The Chicago Herald of a recent date is responsible for the following: A wonderful exhibition of mesmerism, or at least what passed for that, took place yesterday afternoon at General Sheridan's headquarters. A number of officers, a Herald reporter and several friends were present, and they were all astounded at what they saw. A young man, apparently twenty-five years of age, who had nothing in particular to distinguish him from any other human biped of that age, was the mesmerist. He rejoiced in the name of Johnson, and was very weak about the eyes. Two other gentlemen assisted him in the manifestations. Several medical men were on hand, and the room was comfortably filled when he began operations. His first attempt was in the form of a speech, in which he declared he could mesmerize himself. He said that anyone could cut his flesh, stick needles in him, or sew him up, and he would not feel it in the slightest degree. He claimed to be the only man living who could do this.

He then stood out in the center of the room and commenced rubbing his eyes. In a few minutes he fell limp, with closed eyes, into his assistant's arms. He was then laid out on the floor and his arms rubbed violently into a state of rigidity and placed at his side. His legs were treated the same. He was lifted and his neck placed on the back of a chair and his feet on another, thus suspending the rigid form in mid-air on two chairs. He remained thus for two minutes, and was then piled on the floor and rubbed back into animation. He took a young colored boy and put him into a mesmerized state.

"Now," said he, "you will observe, gentlemen, that I have this boy completely under control, and I will make him do whatever I want. I will ask him if he desires a glass of wine and he will say he does. I have here a very rank sort of cod liver oil, which I shall make him drink, and he will think he's drinking the finest Catawba. Will any gentleman please take this oil to see that I am not fooling them. All good. That's right. Now George, do you want a glass of wine? Of course you do. Here George." And he made the negro toss off the glass of cod liver oil as airily as though it were the most pleasant drink imaginable. He then rubbed his hands across his eyes and brought him to, when the negro had become rather unwell and evinced a desire to throw up his job.

"Now, then, I'll take that taste away," said the mesmerist, and he passed both hands tenderly across the boy's black visage. He made him eat a portion of a tallow candle, under the impression that it was a stick of candy, and swallow a few tablespoonfuls of cayenne pepper, telling him it was sugar. Then came a truly wonderful performance. He put the negro boy into a state of unconsciousness, and taking a common needle and thread, sewed up the boy's tongue, lips, cheek and ear in one web, never bringing a quiver to the lad or causing a drop of blood to flow. He pulled the thread through time and again and did some very fine tailoring on the black hide. When through he woke him up. Then put him to sleep again and asked him if he should repeat this performance, when the "coon" delightedly cried out "yes, massa." "How many stitches shall I use?" asked the mesmerist. "Four." The audience was satisfied, however, and requested that he "spare the hide."

One old army officer declared that he had had occasion one time to examine the stomach of an ostrich and found boulders, pieces of stone, metal and other queer substances therein, and had often heard of the digestive faculties of the billy goat, with its surprising fondness for tin cans and hoopskirts; but he had never seen such organs as those possessed by this negro lad. An attempt was made to have the mesmerist put the "coon" under his influence again and feed him with a few Patent Office reports, but it fell through.

After this show Johnson went into a comatose state bent in a semi-circular position on the floor, and then gently rocked back and forth like a cradle. His ear was pierced with a needle and sewed through and through. The thread was drawn out, but not a drop of blood flowed. It seemed impossible to cause a tremor to pass over his form by any act of torture they could devise. When he was brought out of this state, which was always done by quick passes over the limbs, throwing off the current by snapping the fingers, then by repeating this on the face, he informed those present that he had mesmerized a patient at the Bellevue Hospital in New York, when a surgeon amputated a finger for a man and the latter felt no pain whatever. He offered to cause any one to be in a perfectly mesmerized state, but no one accepted the offer.

There was something decidedly wonderful in all he did and it puzzled those present. One declared it simply a great control of the powers of the body, and that he was not mesmerized at all; while again, one of the veterans present thought it the fairest case of actual mesmerism that he had ever seen. During all the performance the young man seemed cool and self-possessed, and went at it in a singularly business-like way. The part that most impressed the spectators was where he threw the negro into a trance and sewed his cheek, tongue and lips without causing any twitching of the flesh while doing so. If the affair was genuine, and there seems but little show for doubting it, Johnson possesses very wonderful mesmeric powers, as there has never been any yet found who could mesmerize himself.

The will of the late John Holmes, of Pittsburgh, Pa., divides his property, estimated at \$450,000, into twenty equal parts, six of which are bequeathed to benevolent institutions of that city.

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